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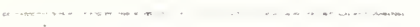


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OF THE

UNIVERSITY

OF CALIFORNIA

In Memoriam.

JOHN COX,

1795-1871.

Deed

HENRY OXNARD PREBLE,

1847-1871.

"This whole life is one great school; from the cradle to the grave we are all scholars. The voices of those we love, and the wisdom of past ages, and our own experiences, are our teachers. Afflictions give us discipline. The spirits of departed saints whisper to us, 'Come up a little higher.'"

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given:
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His Heaven."

In Memoriam.

1557379

JOHN COX.

Born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 13, 1795.

Died at Portland, Jan. 25, 1871,

Aged 75 years, 11 months, 19 days.

PRAYER OF THE AGED PILGRIM.

His last prayer was,—

“Heavenly Father, give peace—give rest.”

His day of life is drawing to a close,
Weary and worn and longing for repose
His fainting spirit sad, with ills opprest—
Says “Heavenly Father, grant me peace and rest.”

The shadows lengthen—and the sunset hour
Draws nigh—and as the folded flower
Does by thine ordering, till the morning sleep,
While thou dost all things in their safety keep;
So would I rest enfolded in thy love,
Till I awake to joy in Heaven above;
My journey has been long, and day by day
I weary now of the rough toil-some way:
Through storm and sunshine I have travelled on
With cheer and courage, till the race was won.
And now, oh Father! I at last would rest
Within the peaceful mansions of the blest;
Would gladly lay my pilgrim burthen down,
Forsake the earthly *cross* for heavenly *crown*.

ADELINÉ P. COX.

JOHN COX.

This venerable and respected citizen of Portland—whose death from paralysis at his residence on Tate street, Jan. 25th, 1871, at the age of 75 years 11 months and 19 days, the newspapers have recorded—was descended from one of the earliest settlers of Falmouth Neck;—the representatives of whom, by death, or emigration to wider fields of enterprise under the idea that “prophets have no honor in their own country,” are fast fading from the city’s annals. His death, therefore, is worthy of special notice.

John Cox—the *fourth* of that name—was the great grandson of an ancient mariner, known as “the old ranger,” Capt. John Cocks, Jr., who, with his wife Tabitha, a daughter of Ebenezer Davenport,* both of Dorchester, Mass., emigrated thence and was admitted in place of Thomas Cox (possibly a brother), an inhabitant of Falmouth in 1729. He was killed by the Indians at Pemaquid, May 22, 1747.

In 1725, only four years prior to Mr. Cok’s removal from Dorchester, Mr. Willis states the number of families in the whole town of Falmouth was but forty-five, of which *twenty-seven* only were on the Neck, or what is now Portland. A particular account of the manner of the old ranger’s death can be found in Drake’s Five Years’ French and Indian Wars, 1744-1749, published in 1870, and there is a short account of it in Willis’s History of Portland.

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago, viz.: Aug. 31, 1732, as appears on the old Falmouth proprietors’ record, there was “laid out to John Cok, sixty acres of land lying in the township of Falmouth, bounded as followeth, beginning at the S.W. corner of James Crocker’s 60 acre lot, and running S.S.W. 60 rods to a stake, and to run from the aforesaid bounds 160 rods E.S.E. of the same, be free from former grants, said Cok to leave a road through said land where it will be most convenient for the town’s use.” This grant was situated in the heart of the present city of Portland, where Pearl street now is, and extended nearly from shore to shore. The last remnant of this property passed from the hands of the descendants of his name, in 1852, when, after the death of Mrs. Susan Cox, his grandson’s

* Ebenezer Davenport was the seventh child of Thomas Davenport (Weaver,) who was in Dorchester and joined the Church in 1640, and was made a Freeman 1642. He died Nov. 9, 1685. His wife’s name was Mary. She died Oct. 4, 1695.

Ebenezer’s first wife, the mother of Tabitha, was Dorcas, daughter of James Andrews, of Falmouth, who died Nov. 24, 1723, aged 60.

widow, the large three storied, wooden mansion house on the corner of Pearl and Middle streets, built in 1791 by her husband Josiah Cox, the father of the deceased, was sold by her heirs for \$9,200 to the Hon. John M. Wood, who removed the mansion, and erected on its site a large green house, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1866. By an alteration of the lines of Pearl street since that fire, the site of the house is now the middle of that street. The timbers of the mansion still exist in a wooden block of four houses on the northeast corner of High and Congress streets.

The children of the "old ranger" and emigrant to Falmouth, were: 1st, Josiah; 2nd, Tabitha, who married Jos. Bailey; 3d, John 3d, who married Sarah Proctor, 1739, a daughter of the Samuel Proctor who was executed for witchcraft in 1692; 4th, James, born in 1719, who married Catherine Grant; 5th, Esther, married Joshua Brackett, Jr.; 6th, Mercy or Martha, who married Jos. Bailey, Jr.; 7th, Thankful, who married 1st, Samuel Hodgkins, 2d — Pogue.

John Cox, 3d, son of the 'old ranger,' was born in Dorchester 1720, nine years before his father removed to Falmouth. He married 1st, Sarah Proctor in 1739, who died 1761, and in 1763 Sarah Bodkin, of Boston. By each of his marriages he had nine children. Those by his first marriage were: 1st, Keziah; 2d, Sarah; 3d, Dorcas; 4th, Karenhappuck; 5th, Martha; 6th, Mary; 7th, Nancy; 8th, Josiah; 9th, Samuel—this last died an infant: the others remained and married in Portland. Karenhappuck married Peter Thomas; they were the parents of that venerable centenarian Elias Thomas, Esq., and of his sisters Miss Betsey Thomas and Mrs. Happy Morse who died about a year ago. The only son of this marriage, who lived to manhood, *Josiah*, married Susan Greenleaf. They were the parents of the subject of this notice.

The children of the second marriage were: 1st, Thomas; 2d, Harry; 3d, John; 4th, Garry; 5th, Charles; 6th, Samuel; 7th, Susan; 8th, Elizabeth; 9th, Julia.

John Cox, 3d, was one of the greatest sufferers by the burning of Falmouth in 1775, as appears from the schedule of losses.

In 1782 he removed to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, with all the children of his second marriage, and died there in 1789. Numerous descendants of his, by his second marriage, now live at and near Cornwallis, N. Scotia.

Josiah Cox, father of the subject of this notice, the son of John 3d, by the first marriage, was a merchant of Portland for many years, and by his marriage with Susan Greenleaf had children, viz.:

1. Susan, b. Nov. 8, 1785; m. Abel Vinton, Aug. 17, 1806.

2. Eliza, b. Feb. 1, 1788; m. Deacon Joseph Harrod, Sept. 27, 1807; d. May, 1843.
3. Fanny, b. 1790; unmarried.
4. Caroline, b. Sept. 11, 1792; m. Elisha Vinton, Sept. 11, 1818.
5. John, b. and d. 1794.
6. *John*, b. Feb. 13, 1795; m. 1st, Thankful Harris Gore, Nov. 4th, 1817, who d. 1833; 2d, Adeline Preble, Nov. 4th, 1835, who survives him.
7. Mary, b. and d. 1797.
8. Josiah, b. Jan. 26, 1799; d. unmarried at Madeira, 1826.
9. Emily, b. June 11, 1801.
10. Mary, b. Nov. 15, 1804; m. Enoch Hsley, June 30, 1830.

All these children are dead, with the exception of Fanny, Emily and Mary, who are living in Chelsea, Mass.

JOHN COX, the fourth of the name, was born in Portland Feb. 13, 1795, when the population of the town was about 2240, and except for a short time he was in business in Boston, he has lived in Portland all of these three-score and sixteen years to which his life was happily prolonged, and has identified himself with its business interests for fifty-six years. He first established himself in business on his own account in Portland, during the war with Great Britain in 1813, as a grocer, when but a lad 18 years old, and at the close of the first quarter of the present century was a large and enterprising ship owner and merchant; his ships and vessels extending his enterprise to the West Indian, African and European seas. A commercial crisis, which proved a serious check upon the prosperity of the town, involved him and his friends in a commercial ruin, from which he never fully recovered. Yet, undisraged by his failure, he commenced anew, seeking new sources of wealth and support, with varying success, either alone or in partnership with others. He never remained idle or folded his hands in despair, but if one enterprise proved unsuccessful, always turned them to another. He was in turn a dealer in West India goods, a Commission Merchant, a Lumber and Hay merchant, a worker of Granite Quarries and a dealer in Coal and Wood, under the various styles of John Cox, Cox & Boyd, Cox & Sons, Cox & Burr, etc. For the last twenty years of his business life, up to and after the Great Fire of 1866, he was a well known dealer in coals and wood. The great fire proved as disastrous in its effect upon him as it was to many of our aged citizens. It drove him from his home with the loss of all his household goods, dispersed his customers chiefly residents of the burnt district, and broke up his business. Having passed the three-score and ten years

allotted to man, he was engaged all that fearful night on the roof of his residence, at the corner of Smith and Cumberland streets, endeavoring to save it from the flames, but with unavailing effort. His household goods were packed, but no conveyance could be procured to take them away, his own horses and teams having been misappropriated by unknown persons. When the house was on fire, he threw open its doors and left everything to the flames, or still more merciless marauders, who were, it is well known, active on that occasion. In seeking safety and shelter his wife and youngest daughter were taken in one direction, while with his daughter Fanny he sought refuge in the Eastern Cemetery. It was not until the next morning and after some hours of anxiety that the family was re-united under the roof of a friendly Samaritan. A stroke of paralysis, probably induced by these causes, soon after deprived him of all ability for physical exertion, though his mind remained unimpaired. Thus after fifty-six years' experience of the vicissitudes of a mercantile life, he passed from among the active business men of the city.

With varying health and strength, he has continued to enliven the home circle for the past three years, and until about a fortnight before his decease,

" Still seemed he to possess, and fill his place,
But stood the shadow of what once he was,"

when a second stroke of his irremediable disease gave warning to his friends and to himself that his end was drawing near. After this attack and in the last days of his sickness, when his mind, weakened by successive shocks, was wandering, he would revert to the scenes of the fire, showing the deep impression it had made upon him, and was continually tying bundles and packing up his household goods to go away, and urging those around to assist him.

His last words were — " Heavenly Father, give peace, give rest."

In 1817, when twenty-two years of age, Mr. John Cox married Miss Thankful Harris, a daughter of Jeremiah Gore, Esq., of Boston, by whom he had six children — three sons and three daughters* — four of whom survive him. Two daughters died in infancy; Susan Z. the surviving daughter, married Capt. Geo. H. Preble, U. S. N., and is now living in Charlestown, Mass., where her husband is stationed. The three sons, viz.: John Harris, Josiah and Edwin Bartlett, are all married and have families resident in Portland.* His first wife dying in 1833, he married Nov. 4th, 1835, Adeline, daughter of Capt. Enoch Preble, who survives him. The children of this marriage were three daughters, one of whom died an infant. The remaining two,

* Josiah and Edwin B. have removed to Chelsea since their father's death.

Frances Ellen and Elizabeth Harrod, live with their mother in Portland.

Mr. Cox, throughout his busy, useful and long life, was temperate, frugal and industrious in his habits and consistent in his politics. He found his greatest pleasure and happiness in his home and fire-side, and seldom cared to leave the circle of which he was the loved and honored centre, for the blandishments of general society. His tenderness of feeling is shown in the fact, that after the removal of his father's mansion in 1852, he never passed that site of his boyhood's recollections, but avoided it, taking a more circuitous route, when by his business obliged to go beyond it. For over forty years he was a subscriber to the old Portland Advertiser or its successor the Portland Press — which to the last week of his life he continued to read. It is worthy of remark that for thirty-two years there has been no death, with the exception of that of his infant daughter in 1844, to sadden his immediate family circle, and that his own removal is the first break that has occurred in it for twenty-six years.

In this fast age of "Young America" we are apt to reverence too little the aged who are amongst and of us, and for this reason, if no other, it is well, when our aged citizens pass from us, to pause and consider, and recall their lives and deeds.

We, as they before us have done, are advancing from youth to middle age and what is styled 'old fogyism,' and our children in the progress of time must take *their* turn. Our Puritan fathers always revered the elders, and gave them the first place at home, and in the meeting-house, where special seats were provided for them, and always were respectful of their countenance and advice. Let *us* not be less reverent. "New times" may "demand new measures and new men," but let us be ever mindful of this fact — were it not for what our predecessors have done for *us*, we could not start on *our* new measures from the vantage ground we have taken.

Mr. Cox's funeral took place Saturday, the 28th of Jan., 1871, and after interesting services at his house, by the Rev. M. Bailey, which were attended by a large circle of his friends, his remains were conveyed to Evergreen Cemetery, at Deering. P.

From the Portland Press, of Thursday, Feb. 23, 1871.

JOHN COX'S AFRICAN TRADE.

To the Editor of the Press:

AN obituary notice of John Cox in a city paper over the initial "P." (in which I recognize an acquaintance of other days) says "he extended his enterprises to the West Indian, African and European Seas." This stirs my recollection of the fleet of rakish little vessels in which he carried on his trade between Portland and the coast of Africa 40 years ago. I was then a young man just commencing business, and he was my daily and welcome visitor on his way to his counting room on Long wharf through Exchange street. The vessel of which I have the best recollection was the jaunty little ship "John" of about 180 tons, not so large as Bennett's yacht Dauntless of New York. She was built at Flying Point on the Kennebec, and first rigged as a brig and made one voyage to Africa, in command of Capt. John Wait, now 80 years old, to whom I am indebted for many facts. He is one of the very few shipmasters of those days now living in Portland. The brig needed more sail aft, and a mizenmast was added, making her a full rigged ship, having all the "sky scrapers" and "moon rakers" of a New York "Liner," with light sails of all shapes wherever one could be rigged to catch the light winds of the African seas. Mr. Cox had an eye for beauty as well as gain. The John was his favorite vessel and bore his name. I recollect her first arrival after her alteration. She was hauled into the dock on the south side of Long wharf, outside of a large new freighting ship, light and high out of water. The John was deep loaded, making the contrast in the size of the two ships very striking, the masts of the John reaching about up to the top gallant yards of the latter ship, and appeared about the size for a long boat for her. Mr. C. also owned a new "long legged" schooner called the Romp. Capt. Wait sailed in her the first voyage and was capsized off George's Bank in a gale, but succeeding in righting her and getting back to port. Her foremast was shortened, and she was made an hermaphrodite brig. Capt. Wait then made the voyage in her. She afterwards made several voyages in charge of Capt. Joseph Barton, who died at Cape Mesurado, of coast fever, while in command of her.

Captain Allen then took charge of her. Mr. Cox's brother Josiah, who had been in the dry goods business with Charles Rogers (now living), under the firm name of "Rogers and Cox." in a store on Exchange street, where Hall L. Davis's bookstore now is, went passen-

ger in her for his health, and died on the second voyage at Madeira, of consumption. Mr. C. also owned the schooner Reporter. Captain Enoch Preble, then considerably advanced in life, made one voyage in her. He was a brother to the Commodore. Mr. Willis says of him, "After a long course of faithful service at sea and an honorable career on land in civil life, he died in 1812 at the age of 79." He was the father of Mr. Cox's second wife, and of Capt. George H. Preble of the navy, who married a daughter of Mr. Cox. The brig Union, I think afterwards altered to a ship, was also one of this fleet of African traders; she was commanded by Capt. Clough. Their outward cargoes usually consisted of lumber, provisions, soap, candles and New England rum. Their first port was Madeira, selling what they could of their cargoes there and replacing it with wines for Portland and then sailing for the coast. At Goree and Port Praya they got hides and goat skins, at Cape Mesurado they got logwood and elephants' teeth (I recollect some of monstrous size landed from these vessels), and got salt at Cape Verd Islands.

I must relate a humorous anecdote, if it is out of place. While one of the vessels was taking in salt at Cape Verd Islands a New Bedford whaleman came in with oil, of which the Portland vessel took 150 barrels on freight, on top of her salt. The heat of the climate caused the oil to swell and leak badly. After her arrival in Portland, another Portland Captain, who sailed his own ship, had just arrived with another cargo of salt from some other port and was peddling it out. He had fears that two cargoes would glut the market, and went on board to see what the Cape Verd salt looked like, and found that the oil had completely saturated the salt, spoiling its sale, and for the want of dunnage they had used goat skins to stow the oil casks, which were also soaked with oil and moisture, a pile of which laid near, which perhaps did not, like the Danish King's "offence, smell to heaven," but could be smelt a long distance in that direction. There was no one on board but an Irishman, whom the Captain asked if the goat skins were not "spoiling." In reply he said, "not at all, at all, they are entirely swate: it's the nater of the baste; they stinks alive, they do." I think Mr. Cox was the only Portland merchant who ever made an attempt to establish a legitimate African trade. His brother-in-law, Joseph Harrod, who for many years sold dry goods in the store on the eastern corner of Exchange and Middle streets, had an interest with Mr. Cox, but was not known in the business. Both "went under" in the same commercial revulsion. They gave up their property to their creditors to make the most of it, and commenced other business, which did not require so much capital. Mr. Harrod

now lives with his son-in-law, who has a fine situation on the North River, near New York, and yet makes an annual summer visit to Portland. Mr. Cox, after a busy and honorable life, was stricken down a few days ago by paralysis, aged 75 years. W. GOULD.

Windham, Feb. 20, 1871.

MR. COX'S AFRICAN TRADE.

To the Editor of the Press:

In connection with your Windham correspondent W. G.'s mention of Mr. Cox's African Trade in Thursday's Press, I send you a copy of an order addressed to the master of one of his vessels, the schr. Reporter. Some of your older readers may remember her as one of those rakish little crafts described by W. G. Capt. Preble, her master, was then sixty one-years of age, and it was his 27th and last voyage at sea. The Reporter was armed with two twelve pounders. She made a successful voyage of about six months, and returned to Portland sometime in July. I perceive her master settled his accounts with her owners Aug. 2d, 1824. The gross proceeds of her outward cargo amounted to \$5247 52 cts., and the master's 5 per cent. commissions was \$260 02 cents. Jehuda Ashmun, the President or Governor of Liberia, took passage in the Reporter from Cape Mesurado to the Cape de Verds, and came nigh bleeding to death on the passage from a tooth that had been extracted by a negro doctor, before his embarking. He owed his life to the schooner's rakish appearance. A French frigate gave chase to the Reporter, thinking she was a slaver, and on coming up with and discovering her character, sent a surgeon on board who soon stanch'd the flowing of his blood, though not until he was faint and exhausted. At some future time I may send you a copy of an interesting letter, in which Mr. Ashmun makes mention of the schr. Romp and other of Mr. Cox's vessels. Had Mr. Cox's African enterprise been as successful as it deserved to be, Portland might now be sharing the monopoly of that trade which has fallen to Salem, Mass.

It is a little remarkable that within a few weeks, three of the four owners of the schooner Reporter and her cargo *forty-six years ago*, were still living, viz.: Mr. Cox, who died on the 25th of last

month; Mr. Elisha Vinton, his brother-in-law, who of late years has found his home in Boston Highlands, and who died Feb. 25th, aged 76 years 11 months, having survived Mr. Cox just one month; and Mr. Joseph Harrod, a brother-in-law of the two, who still lives at the advanced age of 87 years, and resides with his daughter Mrs. Edwin Bartlett, at Annandale, Dutchess County, New York.

The pay and allowances of the master seem small in these latter days of high prices and growing extravagance, but were a fair and liberal compensation for his services half a century ago.

PORTLAND, Jan. 28, 1824.

CAPT. ENOCH PREBLE: *Dear Sir*: — Having appointed you master of the schr. Reporter, now lying in the harbor of Portland, with a cargo on board, and being ready for sea,

You will proceed the first fair wind, with all possible despatch, to the coast of Africa, and there, at *one or more ports*, dispose of your cargo to the best advantage, and receive therefor in return, *Specie*, Gold *in bars*, Ivory (large if to be had), Dry Hides, and any other articles which you may think best freight home, and return to Portland, informing us, every opportunity you may have, of your proceedings, welfare, &c.

The object of the owners is merely to give you general instructions, confiding in your superior judgment to manage the concerns of the voyage in such a manner as will best promote their material interest.

Wishing you a pleasant voyage, we are, sir,

Yours, &c.

JOHN COX,
LUTHER JEWETT,
JOSEPH HARROD,
ELISHA VINTON.

“In bars” erased by J. Harrod.

Indorsed.

The compensation for your services in the within-named voyage, as by agreement, twenty-five dollars per month, wages. Five per cent. on the gross sales outward, and twenty barrels privilege.

JOSEPH HARROD,
LUTHER JEWETT,
ELISHA VINTON,
JOHN COX.

JOHN COX'S AFRICAN TRADE.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

To the Editor of the Press :

YOUR correspondent P. in to-day's Press gives some interesting items of the history of the African trade.

I have received several letters relating to Mr. Cox and his African trade. An aged gentleman, a relative of Mr. Cox, writes: "The early years of Mr. Cox it appears you are not familiar with. He was educated in the Dry Goods business, in the store of Pierpont & Lord, in Boston (the late Rev. John Pierpont), and commenced business in the same line about the year 1814, in a store on *old* Cornhill, Boston, with Elisha Vinton, his brother-in-law, who only survived him one month. They afterwards removed to Portland and dissolved their connection, when Mr. Cox went into the grocery business; and in addition to his new business, afterward, at the suggestion of his brother-in-law in Boston, commenced the African business. The Boston firm soon failed, taking Mr. Cox with them. By the favor of Mr. Thomas R. Hayes, of Portland, with other papers, I have the written "Instructions" furnished his brother, Mr. George Hayes, Jr., by Mr. Cox, when he sailed in 1825 as supercargo of the brig *Romp*, Capt. Allen, for the African Coast. He was then only 17 years old, and had been clerk with Mr. C., who seemed to expect him to take the general supervision of his business while on the coast. The schooner *Aretas*, Capt. Benjamin Horner, was there at the same time with the *Romp*, and the brig *Union*, Capt. Clough, was to follow immediately. Mr. C. gave young Hayes special instruction to learn navigation, and fit himself for 2d mate, and says, "you are at a time of life when all depends on yourself whether you will be a smart, active man, or the reverse. Be prudent as to your health, and do all you can to prevent others getting sick. If any of your crew prove bad men, look after them and see that they do not injure themselves." Mr. C. thought they could sell the cargo and take in another, and return in four months, if they did not have to go "down the coast;" if they did, he instructed him to take ivory, shell, palm-oil, gold dust and hides. They sailed in December, 1826, and did have to go down the coast, as I see they were at Grand Cape Mount, March 5, 1827, taking in ivory. I see that the elephants' teeth average 3½ lbs. each. Among the outward cargo was a large invoice of hard ware, shipped

by Salem merchants to be sold on their account. The seamen's wages were from \$14 to \$16 per month.

Many of your older citizens will recollect Charles Codman, his landscapes and his museum of curiosities which was largely made up of African spears, clubs, idols, elephants' tusks and other articles, presented by Mr. Hayes, who, I think, made several voyages to the coast. These articles were afterwards transferred to the old Portland museum in "Haymarket Row," and finally destroyed by fire. Mr. Hayes was for several years afterwards a Lieutenant in the revenue service, now resides in Eastport, and is the agent for the international line of steamers.

W. GOOLD.

Windham, March 3.

THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN COX,

OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

JOHN COX was married in Boston, Mass., by the Rev. Horace Holley, D.D., Nov. 4, 1817, to Thankful Harris Gore, daughter of Jeremiah and Thankful (Harris) Gore, of Boston. She died of consumption, at Portland, Me., July 11, 1833, aged 34 years, 8 months, 24 days. He died of paralysis, Jan. 28, 1871.

Their children were:—

1. Susan Gore, b. Dec. 31, 1818; d. Sept. 6, 1819, an infant.
2. Susan Zabiah, b. Aug. 1, 1820; m. Geo. Henry Preble, Nov. 18, 1845. Living in Charlestown, Mass., 1871.
3. Caroline Augusta, b. March 23, 1823; d. Dec., 1823, an infant.
4. John Harris, b. Sept. 28, 1824; m. Julia Leavitt Allen, Nov. 4, 1852. Living in Portland, Me., 1871.
5. Josiah, b. June 1, 1828; m. Sarah Todd Allen, May 31, 1855, who d. at Portland, April 4, 1871. Living in Chelsea, Mass., 1871.
6. Elwin Bartlett, b. May 20, 1833; m. Rhoda Harriet Hazen, Nov. 25, 1858. Living in Chelsea, Mass., 1871.

John Cox was married in Portland, Maine, by the Rev. Ichabod Nichols, D.D., Nov. 4, 1835, to Adeline Preble, daughter of Capt. Enoch and Sally (Cross) Preble, who survives him.

Their children were :—

1. Frances Ellen, b. Feb. 11, 1837.
2. Elizabeth Harrod, b. June 30, 1843, and d. April 10, 1844.
3. Elizabeth Harrod, b. Aug. 24, 1845.

GRANDCHILDREN.

Children of GEORGE HENRY & SUSAN ZABIAH (COX) PREBLE.

1. Henry Oxnard, b. Jan. 4, 1847; died May 21, 1871.
2. Susie Zabiab, b. Sept. 1, 1850.
3. Mildred, b. and d. April 22, 1857.
4. George Henry Rittenhouse, b. at Navy Yard, Charlestown, July 10, 1859.

Children of JOHN HARRIS and JULIA LEAVITT (Allen) Cox.

1. John, b. in Westbrook, Me, Aug. 14, 1854.
2. Mary Allen, b. in Portland, Me., Dec. 13, 1856.
3. Frank Tuttle, b. in Portland, Nov. 15, 1859; d. Dec. 8, 1862.
4. Adeline, b. in Westbrook, Dec. 25, 1861.

Children of JOSIAH and SARAH TODD (Allen) Cox :

1. Allen, b. Jan. 22, 1856.
2. Arthur, b. Dec. 5, 1857.
3. Charles Frederick, b. July 14, 1863; d. Sept. 19, 1863.
4. William Leavitt, b. Oct. 31, 1860; d. April 23, 1864.
5. William Wood, b. Oct. 31, 1864.
6. Walter, b. March 14, 1866.
7. Sarah Todd Allen, b. Nov. 20, 1870; died May 10, 1871.

Children of EDWIN BARTLETT and RHODA HARRIET (Hazen) Cox.

1. Frederic Augustus Prince, b. Sept. 3, 1859.
2. Edwin, b. July 25, 1861.
3. Enoch Hsley, b. Dec. 27, 1867.

1557379

In Memoriam.

“Thoughts, not hours, are the measures of life.”

“The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead.”

“He who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.”

“Life evermore is fed by death,
In earth and sea and sky;
E'en that a rose may breathe its breath,
Something must die.”

“ Earth is our little island home,
And heaven the neighboring continent,
Whence winds to every inlet come
With balmiest scent.

“ And tenderest whispers thence we hear,
From those who lately sailed across.
They love us still; since heaven is near,
Death is not loss.

“ By sweet home instincts wafted on,
By all the hopes that life has nursed,
We hasten where the loved have gone
Who landed first.

“ Then onward, and forever on
Toward summits piled on summits bright.
The lost are found, and we have won
The Land of Light.”

 HENRY ONNARD PREBLE.

Born at Portland, Maine, Jan. 4, 1847.

Died at Charlestown, Mass., May 21, 1871.

Aged 24 years, 4 months, 17 days.

From the Charlestown Chronicle.

HENRY ONNARD PREBLE.

BY ADELINE P. COX.

THE YOUNG PILGRIM.

I AM not weary, Father! I would stay
 A little longer on this pleasant way,
 Awhile would linger near these beauteous flowers
 That cluster round me in these summer hours;
 Listen to the rich harmonies of love,
 Types of the earth, of holier ones above,
 Would taste still more the cup of earthly joy
 That has been mine almost without alloy.
 But if the Master calls, I would obey,
 And turn my footsteps to the better way;
 And if unto my joyous soul is given
 To blend the harmonies of earth with Heaven,
 Then, my dear Heavenly Father, I would bring
 Not sacrificial rites, but offering.
 An offering not of autumn-tinted leaves,
 Neither of closely bounden golden sheaves,
 Nor of maturity that speaks decay;
 Rather the flowers of my summer day—
 Of faith, and love, and trust and high endeavor—
 An amaranthine wreath that shall endure for ever.
 With these rich gifts, dear Father, now I come
 To find a mansion in thy Heavenly home.

Portland, Me., Sunday, May 28, 1871.

THE following beautiful hymn by Montgomery, happily selected by the Rev. Mr. BAILEY, was sung by the choir of the First Parish during the funeral services at Portland, May 24, 1871.

“Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord’s appointment, is the servant’s hour.

“Go to the grave ; at noon from labor cease ;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest task is done ;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

“Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay,
In death’s embraces, ere he rose on high ;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

“Go to the grave :—no, take thy seat above ;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.”

HENRY ONNARD PREBLE.

BY ABRAM E. CUTLER.

[Written for the NEW-ENGLAND HISTORICAL AND GENEALOGICAL REGISTER.]

DIED in Charlestown, Mass., May 21, 1871, of diphtheria, HENRY ONNARD PREBLE.

The young man whose death we here record was the oldest son of our esteemed associate Capt. Geo. Henry Preble, U. S. N. He was born in Portland, Maine, January 4, 1847. A part of his earlier education was obtained in the Public Schools in Portland and Charlestown, a large part also was gained in his own happy home from the judicious and fostering care of wise and good parents, and yet another part in that important branch of education the Sunday School. As nearly as 1860-1-2, when but 13, 14, 15 years old, he was the librarian of the Sunday School of Rev. Dr. Newell's Society in Cambridge. During the war of the rebellion he was a captain's clerk on board the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis*, from April 1863, to December 25, 1864. He kept a journal of his cruise, which indicates his early habits of order and observation in a remarkable manner. On his return, he renewed, by request of its managers, his charge of the Sunday School library at Cambridge, continuing to perform the duties of Librarian until his removal from Cambridge. He entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, when first organized in 1865, as a general student, but the following year became a special student in chemistry, the favorite branch of science which he adopted for a profession. He was soon selected by Prof. Storer as an assistant teacher of that department in the Institute, where he remained until 1870, when he became the superintendent of the Kidder Chemical Works in Charlestown. He was a member of Henry Price Lodge, where he was admitted to the third degree of Masonry Feb. 24, 1869. This same year he was elected superintendent of the Sunday School connected with the Ministry at Large of the Harvard Church, which office he held most acceptably to all until his death. He became a member of the Union Navy Association in 1869, and was elected a member of the Naval Library and Institute at Charlestown, in 1868, and of the New-England Historic, Genealogical Society in 1870. Only a few months before his death he delivered a lecture before the "People's Course," in our city, on the Azores. It was

drawn from the journal of his visits to those islands when cruising in the *St. Louis*, and was very interesting and instructive. This young life so full of good works, high promise and bright hopes has suddenly ended its earthly career, and tears have spoken far more and better than feeble pen can express on occasion such as this. Yet when these utterances of grief have done their perfect work, it is but fitting the pen of a friend should embody a slight tribute of sympathy for the bereaved family, as well as recognize the great sense of loss felt by this community. There is no better mark of a good nature, or of a Christian spirit, than a willingness to do good to others;—when it becomes evident that a person goes outside of himself in his endeavors and work, that he is making personal sacrifices for the many, then has such a life become noble, and of manifest value to the community. These characteristics were possessed in an eminent degree by this young man. His virtues and talents were developing into a manhood of great promise. His disposition was of a cheerful and happy cast, and his conversation indicated intellectual strength of mind and high moral convictions. The pride of a happy home, not alone a son, but a congenial companion, he was interested in matters of historical and of literary nature which engaged his father's attention. He was not one to drop his books upon leaving the Institute and entering into the active business of life, but one who by advancing culture and practical experience was maturing his faculties for still higher attainment and usefulness.

Who can estimate the loss of such a young man, not only to his family and intimate friends, but to society itself! His example will be cherished and the influence of his good works and noble aims will pervade this community as an incentive to its young men for a long time to come. The little bird's song that was trilled so sweetly and in such guileless notes while the funeral services were going on, was but the type of that song which proceedeth out of the mouth of the angels welcoming those of a pure heart to the brighter mansions above.

The departure of this young life to other scenes and new experience has called forcibly to mind the following beautiful and feeling lines:

“There's something in the parting hour
 Will chill the warmest heart,
 Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
 Are fated all to part.
 But this I've seen—and many a pang
 Has pressed it on my mind,
 The one who goes is happier
 Than those he leaves behind.”

Charlestown, Mass., June, 1871.

HENRY OXNARD PREBLE.

[From a Notice prepared by Col. A. H. HOYT.]

WE are accustomed to say, when a young man dies, that his life was short; forgetting that the number of years is, alone, no proper measure of a human life. Measured by the proper standard, Henry Oxnard Preble's life was not a short one. It was completely rounded out by a faithful performance of duty, whether self-imposed, or undertaken at the request of his friends and associates; by the most exemplary conduct in all the relations of life,—as son, brother, friend, pupil and citizen; by a conscientious adherence to truth; and by a steady and beautiful growth in those highest excellencies of character which are always based upon a rational acceptance of, and trust in, the teachings of the Divine Spirit.

His intellectual abilities, no less than his moral nature, matured rapidly, and he was recognized by all who knew him as one who could be safely trusted with important interests.

In no respect was his, what is sometimes called, a negative character: he had no lack of spirit, or of true independence; but these were under the firm control of fixed principles of thought and action.

Such a character, manifesting itself in numberless ways, was a benediction not only to relatives and intimate friends, but to all with whom he held any relations. And so the world is better for his having lived.

Let us hope that such a life may not be without its influence upon the community at large, and especially upon young men. It is, indeed, worthy of our special regard when we see a youth in whom are combined energy with courtesy; manliness with refinement; intellectual ability with reverent faith and humility.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

BY MISS LOUISE TITCOMB.

IN MEMORIAM.—The funeral of Henry Oxnard Preble, son of George H. Preble, U. S. N., took place Wednesday, the 24th, at the First Parish Church, the pastor, Rev. B. H. Bailey, officiating. The exercises so fitting and beautiful, left a deep and solemn impression on the hearts of the many sympathizing friends of the family who had gathered to pay their last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the well-beloved and earnest soul who, standing for a moment on the Mount of Hope, had suddenly passed into the land of

full realities. Of a noble and happy temperament, high culture and a disposition to garner 'sweetness and light' from every conflict that gathered in his sky, his atmosphere was most congenial, giving balm and healing to all who came within its influence. His life had few shadows; his deeds are beautiful memories; his reward beyond earthly giving. Tears of parting must needs come, but we bear his memory with us as a benediction, and when the summer sunshine shall once more gladden the paths he has trod, may it reveal in the aching hearts he has left behind, the great truth that "His life was nobly finished, in all that makes up life's great end."

Portland, May 26, 1871.

[From the Charlestown Chronicle.]

HENRY OXNARD PREBLE, eldest son of Capt. George H. Preble, died of diphtheria in this city last Sunday, aged 24 years. Mr. Preble was a young man of excellent character, and greatly beloved in the social circle in which he moved. He was a graduate of the Institute of Technology, and for some months past has been in charge of the Kidder Chemical Works. He was a member of Henry Price Lodge of Freemasons, and took an active interest in its meetings. For a year past he has been superintendent of the Edgeworth Chapel Sunday School. His funeral took place from his father's residence on Tuesday morning, and was attended by a large number of friends. The body was carried to Portland.

[From the Portland Press.]

FUNERAL. — The funeral of Henry Oxnard Preble, eldest son of Capt. Geo. H. Preble, U. S. N., took place yesterday forenoon at the First Parish Church, the pastor, Rev. B. H. Bailey, officiating. The casket, which was placed in front of the pulpit, was profusely strewn with rare floral offerings, emblematic of the affection held for the deceased by a very large circle of friends. The exercises consisted of an anthem by the choir, reading of appropriate selections of scripture, and a brief address by Mr. Bailey, in which he paid a tribute to the christian character of Mr. Preble, his benevolence of heart and his untiring labors in gathering into and instructing youth in the Sunday School. Prayer followed, succeeded by the hymn "Thy will be done," by the choir. The benediction closed the services and the body was borne to its final resting place at Evergreen Cemetery.

TO H. O. PREBLE.

BY LOUISE F. ILSLEY.

REST, spirit, rest !

Thy day on earth is done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
 And thou dost sleep ;
 While o'er our heads, low bowed,
 Grief settles like a cloud,
 And we must weep.

Sleep, loved one, sleep !

Years measure not thy life,
 But noble, manly strifes
 For truth and right ;
 Pity for souls in sin,
 And zeal to bring them in
 To God's clear light.

Rest, spirit, rest !

Above thy lowly bed
 The children thou hast led
 Have strewn their flowers ;
 Tokens are they each one
 Of some sweet kindness done
 In life's young hours.

Sleep, loved one, sleep !

Thy work its rest receives,
 Laden with plenteous sheaves,
 At set of sun.
 Thou at the Master's call,
 Leaving thy loved ones all,
 Heard'st his " Well done."

Rest, spirit, rest !

Beaming with starry light,
 In this dark sorrow's night
 Thy virtues shine.
 Led by their holy rays
 May we devote our days
 To work divine.

